Molly of the Mill.

LET poets praiſe the flowry mead,
The moſs clad hill, the dale,
The ſhepherd piping on his reed,
The maid with milking pail;
The lark who ſ ars on pinions high,
Or ſweetly purling rill,
While I breath forth a tender ſigh
For Molly of the mill.

In vain to ſing her charms I try,
And all her beauties trace,
Such brilliancy informs her eye
Such excellence her face;
Her eaſy ſhape, engaging air
My breaſt with tranſports fill;
No nymph ſo pleaſing, or ſo fair
As Molly of the mill.

'Tis not her perſon charms alone,
The beauties of her mind,
Wit, ſenſe, and ſentiment we own,
In her are all combin'd;
Such is the nymph that ſways my heart,
And makes my boſom thrill,
Adorn'd by nature more than art,
Sweet Molly of the Mill.